

A
culinary
love
note



Through your attitude can be off-putting, you always manage to gather us all around your desserts, and I miss you for that.



Through you, I understood that cooking truly is a love language. I'm still waiting for the day you'll stop rummaging in your kitchen and actually sit with us at the table. But I do miss you for that.



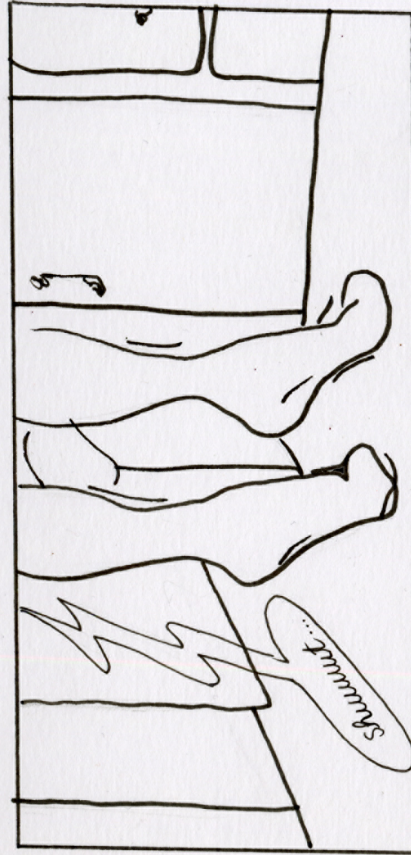
Your lesagne may be excellent, however, your failed attempts aren't, my love. I do admit that I kind of miss you for that.



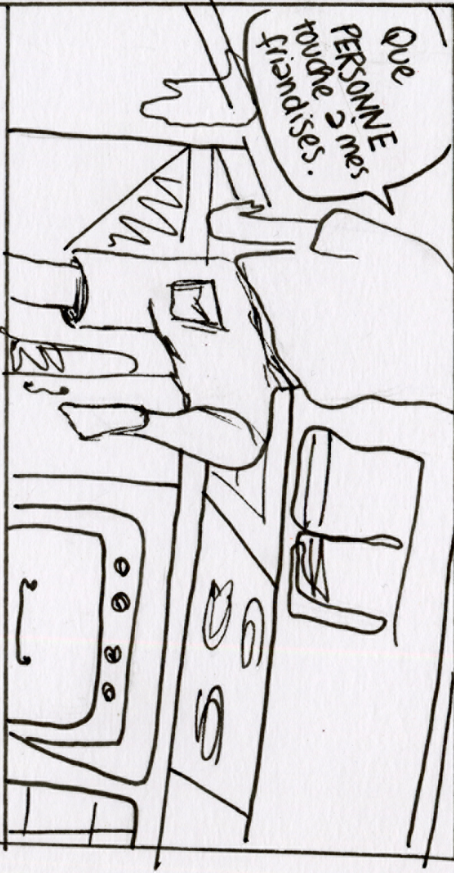
Axelle,
tu veux te
rartine avec
labnè ou zèzè
aujourd'hui?



You make sure to wake up every morning without to concoct your special sandwiches for school. I'm never forgiving you for that one honey sandwich. I'll take it in a heart beat now because I miss you for that, too.



of course, I always took blame for your shenanigans and willingly sacrificed myself at the feet of Alex the Great. Thanks for sparing your stolen goodies with me. I miss you for that, (and I bet you miss me too).



You used to keep count of them and interrogate every household member about your missing soldiers. Although half my size, your threats were kind of scary. I miss you for that.

Vous meublez la
cuisine de mon cœur.
Je vous aime.

Axelle